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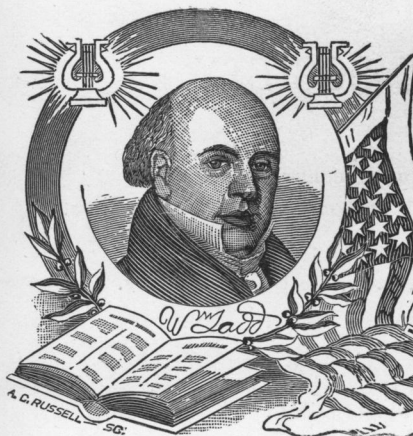
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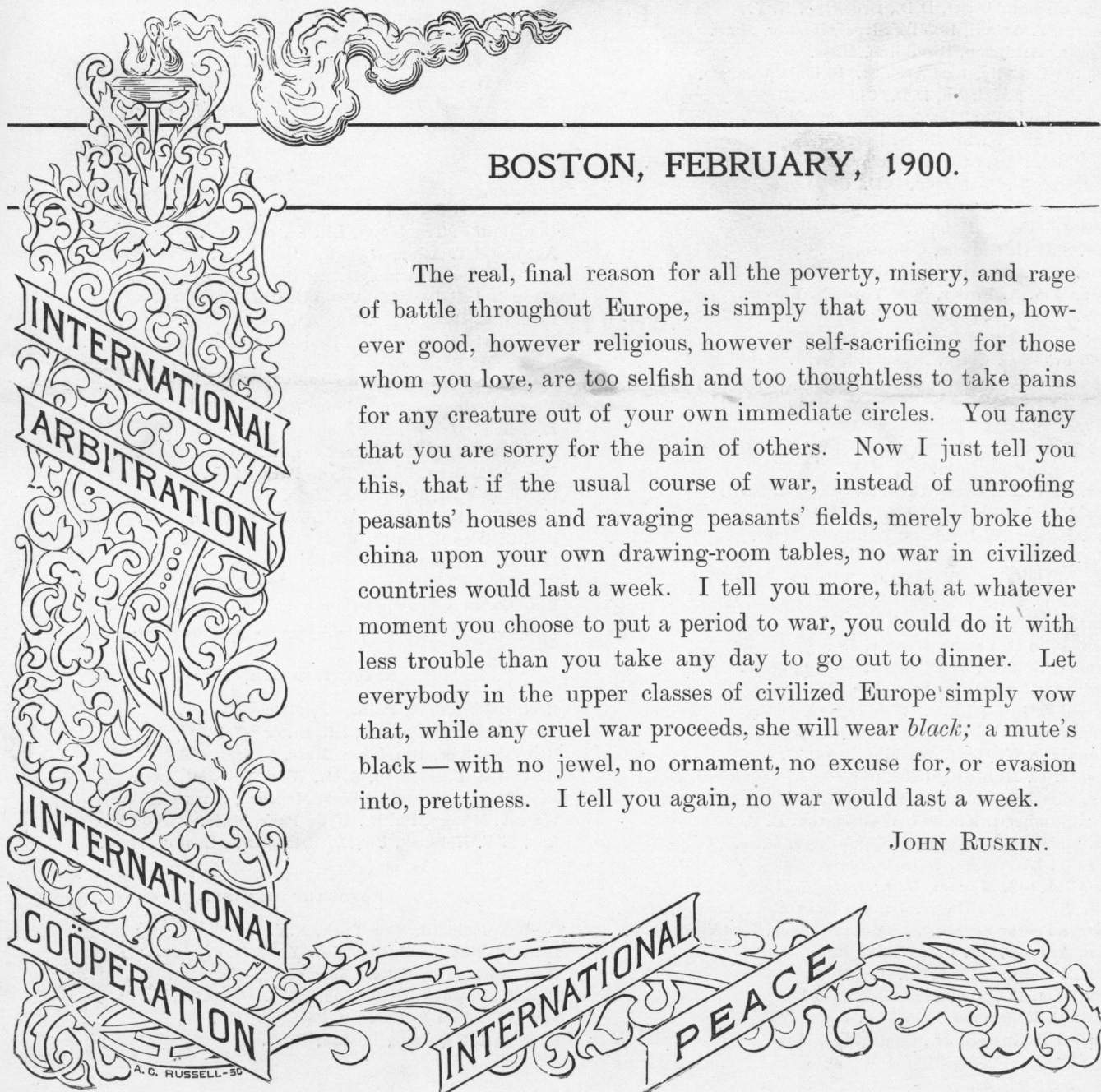


The ADVOCATE — OF — PEACE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1900.

The real, final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe, is simply that you women, however good, however religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others. Now I just tell you this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. I tell you more, that at whatever moment you choose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner. Let everybody in the upper classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear *black*; a mute's black — with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, or evasion into, prettiness. I tell you again, no war would last a week.

JOHN RUSKIN.



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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

VOL. LXII.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 2.

THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY,
PUBLISHERS.

NO. 3 SOMERSET STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

MONTHLY, ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

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“A Sad and Terrible Slaughter.”

Everything else about the South African war receives more attention than the ghastly wickedness of the fighting itself. One would have expected that in these days of conscience and tender feeling it would have been otherwise. A vast amount of intellectual ingenuity has been expended in trying to prove that the British or the Boers were the guilty cause of the war; that the interests of civilization would be promoted by the victory of this party or of that; that Great Britain or that the Transvaal is sure to win. Day by day men have perplexed their brains speculating whether the Cape Dutch will rise against England, whether the natives will fall to murdering the

whites, whether the European powers will intervene, whether France or Russia will become involved in war with Great Britain, whether the British empire will weather the storm or go to pieces.

What little time and intellectual acumen have been left have been spent in oracular advice as to how the British ought to conduct the campaign, in criticism of the war office, of the conduct of the generals on the field, of Mr. Chamberlain or of Mr. Gladstone.

Most of these, possibly all of them, have been proper subjects of discussion. Thoughtful men cannot help thinking and speaking of the numberless stirring and complex questions which any war raises. But the intellectual excitement of these seems to paralyze the moral faculties before the awful tragedy going on at the heart of them all. Instead of raising a great cry of horror and detestation which would shake the whole structure of civilization from side to side, men and women of kind heart and tender sensibility look coolly on the murderous and cruel assaults of battle as if they were matters of course, or after a moment of pain turn away from them entirely with tearless indifference. A witness of one of the battles between Generals Methuen and Cronje, after giving some details of the awful hell-pit before his eyes, despairs of finding words to make any one feel the unspeakable horrors of the scene, and declares that the best he can do is to call it a “sad and terrible slaughter.”

How can men and women, who weep over an ordinary death, who go frenzied over a railway wreck or an ocean disaster, read and speak without pain of what is deliberately done every day in South Africa? Men go out in the morning scouting; in the evening their horses come back without them, or are seen dragging them away over the hills and plains. Shells are dropped into tents killing half a dozen men, mangling as many more, and tearing the life out of a dozen horses. Men charge with inhuman yells up a hill, bodies are ripped to shreds and heads blown off as they go. When they reach the top other men, rolling on their backs and begging for mercy, are jabbed to death with lances, and it is euphemistically called “excellent pig-sticking.” Troops stealthily conceal themselves, and when their enemy is near, pour murderous volleys which sweep down whole ranks, and this fiendishness is called shrewdness and